https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/120752.html?thread=26101680#t26101680

No gain without sacrifice, he's seen that proven over many times.

"I just want it *over*," He'd said, and the words echoed. But it wouldn't be over, not without more deaths and sacrifices, and he had *felt* three of his brothers die before he had *felt* Zachariah take the knife to the head.

No gain without sacrifice. If he wanted it over, and over on his own terms, he'd have to sacrifice something. He'd already sacrificed his identity in his bid to make the Winchesters play their roles.

But he'd gained - learned. He'd seen their stubbornness first hand. He'd seen *why* one of his brothers was Falling and killing for them.

The Trickster - he still hurt every time he caught himself using his real name, hadn't he buried it eons ago? - glared at the chocolate in his hand.
He *liked* chocolate. He wanted it over, and he didn't want it to start in the first place -

But he *liked* chocolate. Damned Tricksters and their love of sweets, he'd learned to love sweets when he'd taken up the role.

Hell or Heaven on Earth - neither side would waste time with making Nestles or Herseys or Snickers bars.

Well. There were stupider reasons to go to war. He'd seen that in Troy, and in the Americas and all over. At least chocolate tasted good, unlike gold.

But he wouldn't fight as the archangel he wasn't. (Could be again, wouldn't be again.)

And that, that finally brought a smile to his lips. Tricksters fought dirty, and nearly always in funny ways. He was The Trickster.

He could spam Zachariah with more porno mags than Dean Winchester had ever read. Kind of hard to be convincing with Busty Asian Beauties raining down on his head.

He could arrange for a dogs-only choir to help Lucifer out. Hard to perform rituals with Christmas carols being barked at him.

The Trickster's lips curled in a smirk, and he snapped his fingers.